

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The Huntsmen

ELAINE SELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1943-1944

DAVEY HOLMAN HEARD THE WHISTLE FROM HIS perch in the pincherry tree. It was a long, low sound that rang clearly through the chill Minnesota air. With characteristic six-year-old dexterity Davey swung himself from the tree and, jamming the black kitten into the pail half-filled with tiny bitter cherries, he tore across the patch of nasturtiums, hopped over the big pine stump, and squeezed through the row of mailboxes that lined the road at the corner of the Holman lot. He ran determinedly, his pail swinging, and his shirt trailing out behind, while his legs churned steadily. Then, plunging into the pasture land, he drew up before a hollowed mound of soil that was the potato cellar and settled himself comfortably on a rock just outside the cave-like entrance. He hadn't long to wait before another boy, in overalls and sweater, streaked up to the rock. Without a word both boys entered the dark, musty cellar and seated themselves on the wooden side of one of the potato bins.

"I got Old Carlson's gun. Let's shoot some crows," said Carl Nordeen, trying to be casual as he proffered an old and rusty .22.

Davey's eyes grew large. "Will it really shoot—like Brother Eric's gun?"

"Come on," the other offered. "We'll shoot a crow. Crows're no good."

"Sure," Davey said, "crows are no good."

He grabbed the wandering kitten, returned him to his shiny red prison, and the boys set off through the pasture. There was no attempt at conversation; both boys walked solidly as if mere possession of the gun had given them the right to look upon all this half-cleared homestead land as something more than just a playground. They even, by silent understanding, unhooked the gate to Sahlstrom's "north 40" instead of scrambling through the rails and stopping in the blueberry patch. They wandered without a destination, always being careful to avoid the swamp that had caught the Holman's Guernsey cow the year before. Once Davey started to hum a Swedish tune but the serious face of his companion made it seem inappropriate. Finally Carl broke the silence.

"Davey, I see one."

He dropped instantly to his knees while Davey stood, pail suspended from his motionless arm, feet planted apart, watching. His eyes were filled with admiration for the hunter beside him who was almost hidden by the tall, yellowish grass. His glance drifted to the bird silhouetted on the lower

branch of the pine tree. So completely motionless did Davey remain that the kitten peeped over the top of the pail, astonished at the sudden peace.

Carl crept up, the gun resting uneasily against his shoulder. He aimed carefully and then shot. The bird fell and immediately both boys whooped down upon it.

"Carl," said Davey, his voice trembling, "It's not a crow." A woodpecker of medium size lay, still breathing, before them.

"Carl," said Davey again with tears streaming down his face, "you gotta' shoot him. Old Carlson says you gotta' shoot a bird again if it doesn't die." But Carl wasn't looking at the bird. His face averted, he threw down the gun.

"I can't shoot any more," he answered. "I hate the ol' gun." Davey looked sharply at his companion for a minute, and then, the pail still in his hand, his face mirroring the agony in his heart, he jumped with all his might on the dying bird.

Somer's Machine Shop

DELORES GOEPFERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944

THE WOOD OF THE FLOOR IS BLACK AND CRUMBLY from grease and age. Pieces of machined magnalium lie scattered on the floor, glittering. Over in the corner stands a slobbered oil barrel; there the floor is slimy.

When it is 6:30, this machine shop is quiet. The noises of a laboring milling machine, giving birth to a machine gun turret, fade away into the padding of the night. The chip-chip-chipping noise of the shaper becomes the tick-tick-tick of a clock. Men are weary from a night of work. Here and there drifts smoke hangs. Heads are tousled; eyes are half-closed; daylight has not yet come.

A little later someone sees the gray of morning across the open tracks. "Looks like a good morning for squirrels."

"Sure does. I got a beautiful one—"

Lights seem to be on that before were not. Now you can see the cartoons hanging on the engine room wall, the picture post cards, *Side Glances*, and the Petty girls. If you look through the window, you can see the Diesel in her gaudy reds, blues, yellows, and grays. She isn't a clothes horse or a circus clown. She is a demon of safety; her colors show which are her

water, air, or oil pipes. You may think her thudding beats and puffing exhaust unfeminine, but the Diesel is the soul, the emotional old lady of the shop.

To her right the eighteen-foot lathe stretches out like a cat after a nap. There is no operator leaning on the bed, watching the chuck swing her partner, the stock, around. There he is, talking to a new man, a man who looks combed and fresh and clean.

Day must be here, but there is only one sure sign. Yes, day is here: the clock that stands like a teacher counting heads at the door of a country school is checking in the next shift.

Lanus Speaks

The smoke from the pipe of Kester Lanus curled amiably as it stole toward the ceiling. Old Kes, finally land-locked, sat contentedly by the cheerful hearth. A howling wind and a falling barometer had put the old captain in a reminiscent mood. His thoughts seemed to be as defined as the smell of the tarred rope he had coiled in every corner. I knew at once that a yarn was about to be unraveled.

"You know, boy," said 'Cap', "old Metter got it on a day like this 'bout ten years ago."

Then after taking a healthy drag on his ancient meerschaum he continued, "We were coddin' off Point Sable. Every dorie on board was out, even that damned thing 'Cookie' called his 'meetin' boat."

Another puff, "In about three hours a nor'wester blew up: started drivin' us out to sea. I figured a couple reefs in the tops'ls would do the trick; so the 'Nigger' went to the main top and Metter off to the top gaff. The upper yoke was iced up, and when old Mett missed a reef point he slid right off. As the old boy fell he let out a cold scream. He lit on the helm like a sack of slugs. Sounded just like heavy weather on a bulkhead."

"See that port side binnacle?" Linus pointed a horny finger in the direction of the mantel model of his schooner, the *Mary Ann*. "That peak ripped his eye out o' his grey head. I saw it land on the deck, rolling with the ship and giving me a hard stare. The oak helm posts had gouged through his gut. Everything was still 'cept for his gut bleedin' just like a leaky bilge pump."

"Boy," said old Kes, "hand me a light."

Then after lighting his pipe he concluded: "Couple hours later the men came in and we put the old man over the side. Every time I walked the poop after that I saw his eye, heaving with the ship. Damn this pipe."

—TODD FRAZIER, U.S.N.

Grandma's Bible

BARBARA MOODY

Verbal Expression IB, Theme 5, 1943-1944

FOR MANY YEARS, MY GRANDMOTHER MEANT LITTLE more to me than the letter which came from her each week, or the letter which my mother wrote to her every Sunday afternoon. San Francisco, the place where she lived, seemed remote. March 5, 1863, her birthday, seemed like a date in ancient history. She was an old lady and lived far away; I didn't know her, and I didn't make many efforts to find out about her.

Mother used to read Grandma's letters to us at dinner. We always liked to listen to her stories of rides on San Francisco street cars out to see the ocean, or of days in the park watching squirrels chase each other. It was fun to laugh at her stories of the escapades of our young cousins. Grandma was a good story teller.

The parts of her letters about the books she had been reading, the sermon she had heard, or her comments on the troubles of life in general were not as important to our young minds as they might have been. But as I listened every week to the letter from Grandma, the humor, the bits of psychology or philosophy, and the religious convictions which she expressed all blended to give me a vague but lovely picture of *My Grandma*.

After Grandma died in 1941, a box containing her few most precious belongings—letters, poems, snapshots, and a large Bible—was sent to us. At the time, I didn't pay much attention to these sentimental keepsakes; the Bible was laid on the living room end table, and the other things were put away with the family treasures. And so the situation rested; the Bible was originally meant for Mother, and she was the only one who ever thought of it as more than a table decoration.

Not long ago—one house-cleaning day during vacation—I picked up Grandma's Bible and began wiping the accumulated dust off its black leather cover. It was a nice-looking book—cover just new, gold lettering impressive, leaves gilded—almost too new and modern looking to be a Bible which had been studied and cherished by a sweet old grandmother. The history of the Bible as recorded on the title page told that Grandma purchased the Bible in Kansas City in 1923, and had it rebound with extra leaves for notes in the fall of 1941.

I thumbed through it carelessly, reading a few of the many marginal notes, comments, and quotations. Before I had read very far, I sat down on the arm of a chair and laid my dust cloth aside. I was beginning to get in-

terested; these quotations weren't just about "the wrath of God descending upon the sinners," or any other old-time revival meeting's emotional, God-fearing themes. They were on subjects that I had been thinking about—things that were alive and applicable to the changing world's problems, not just ideas of an aging woman whose religious experiences were exultant and powerful.

Since that day of discovery, Grandma's Bible has become as vital to me as are the ideas she wrote on its margins. My knowledge of Grandma, her education, her beliefs in social, political, and religious questions, her keen sense of humor, and her character and personality has increased with each look I take into her Bible. When I look at my little picture of Grandma, I see more than white hair, a kind face, a frail body, a neatly tailored dress, and the blooming garden which forms the background. Now I see also an underlined Bible verse, or a thoughtful marginal comment or quotation, and by putting the two together, I have a living picture of Grandmother—and a living Bible.

. . . .

One of the first additions to my picture gives Grandma's kind face an eager, intelligent look, for it concerns her education.

A little memorandum book which is almost like a supplement to the Bible, since it tells of Grandma's growth in religion, contains an account of Grandma's first religious education. Raised by a father whose occasionally unorthodox Christian beliefs made him scorn orthodox churches, and a mother who was a *good woman* but who had no religion whatever, Grandma did not attend Sunday School or church when young. Her only religious education came as she listened to her father read scripture and argue his beliefs, and not in the gradual Sunday School process of most children. Until she was old enough to notice for herself the difference between *nice* children's families and her own, her knowledge of moral standards and etiquette was extremely limited. As she made new friends at school, she tried to be like them, and it was through one of these *nice* friends that Grandma got introduced to religion. She went to church with the girl, was very impressed, and asked to borrow a book which would teach her how to be more like her admired friend.

Abbot's Young Christian was the borrowed book which marked the turning point in Grandma's religious life. She was thoroughly inspired by the solid reading in this little old book with yellowed pages, and it is wonderful to read how she struggled with herself, wanting to follow the book's advice and become a Christian, but fearing the obstacles of disapproval of family and friends. At last the spirit of the little book had hold of her so strongly that she determined to become a Christian at all costs. "I was so green in the vernacular of the church," writes Grandma, "that I didn't realize that

the change in me was known as conversion—I only knew that I loved Christ and was determined to follow him.”

From that time on, Grandma’s knowledge of Christ and the church grew, mainly through her own diligent study. With such a late start in learning of religion, and with such poor opportunities later, it is amazing that Grandma was able to educate herself concerning not only the Bible, but also many other subjects in literature and history. On the fly leaves and margins of her Bible, Grandma quotes Emerson, Raleigh, Jerome K. Jerome, Wordsworth, Joyce Kilmer, Tagore, Mark Twain, Kipling, William Lyon Phelps, Longfellow, and many others.

In her consideration of good literature Grandma did not neglect the Bible itself. Throughout the Bible appreciative comments appear on the margin: “beautiful poem,” “story of creation in song,” “great theme,” “beautiful and grand.” She says in a marginal note: “The Old Testament teaches us by the kindergarten method—by telling stories.” Of the creation story in Genesis, she writes: “Great poetry—all this story. It just sings with simplicity and grandeur when properly read. Notice the refrain ‘And God saw that it was good.’” At the beginning of Job is a note which was bound into the Bible: “A dramatic poem; a masterpiece of literature. Contains some of the deepest thought and sublimest poetry that has come down from antiquity.” This type of analyzing and explaining all through the Bible shows she knew not only what was said, but how it was said.

At the beginning of nearly every chapter there is a note on the author of that particular chapter and something of its history—where written and when. About Paul’s letter to the Philippians she says: “Though written in prison, this letter contains the words *joy* and *rejoice* seventeen times.” Grandma was a student of Bible history as well as of the Bible itself. It is not surprising then, that II Timothy, 3:15, “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth,” is heavily underlined in Grandma’s Bible.

. . . .

If you look closely at Grandma’s picture you will notice that her back is a little stooped, her hands look strong but worn, and her face shows lines of hardship. But in my revitalized picture of Grandma, these details are forgotten in the look of hope on her face, and the light of an inner strength in her eyes.

Life in general, which for Grandma meant poverty, hardship, and sorrows, could not down this staunch woman as long as the Bible was close by. Grandma had standards of living which were practical for herself, her family of five, and her husband in their limited means, and yet they apply to any circumstances.

On a New Testament margin, a "Grand Chorus of Harmony in Christian Life" is pictured as a musical scale. The eight notes of the scale are named "Faith, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Tolerance, and Love." Grandma's daily life became harmonious because her daily actions were in tune with this Chorus.

And as far as daily actions went, Grandma was a "doer of the word." While she was raising and educating a family, while she was trying to overcome hardships, Grandma was active in church work, the Women's Christian Temperance Union (which she especially commends for the helpful "spiritual pamphlets" they published), and the women's suffrage movement. Grandma's religion was an integral part of her life—always apparent and ready to be shared, but never obtrusive or fanatical.

Grandma quotes the following prayer poem in her Bible. To me it seems an indication of what Grandma was guided by in her daily life:

I only need such a few things, Lord:
Clean water, air, and daily bread,
Plain garments and a sheltering roof
Over my head;
And work to do, that I may keep
Thy gift of deep, refreshing sleep.
I cannot pray for more than this:
A day of simple, quiet things.
Not bewilderment a dawn
So often brings,
Not more possessions, Lord, I pray,
But calm and simplify my day.

More notes on fly leaves of the Bible give clues to Grandma's successful living. "This is my philosophy," she writes: "True wealth is a contented spirit, a sense of peace, and a conscience that knows no enmity." Grandma built her creed for living with others on tolerance. She quotes Joaquin Miller:

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not!

And in an interpretation of Corinthians, 3:11, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew,—Barbarian or Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all," Grandma explains that the meaning is that there should be no racial distinction (Greek nor Jew), no cultural distinction (Barbarian or Scythian), and no social distinction (bond nor free). Interpreted this way and taken as a motto for our day, this verse could guide the way for remaking an intolerant world.

Faith, that intangible attribute which a true Christian has, was certainly

a possession of Grandma's. Commenting "Glorious!" after Romans, 8:38-39, Grandma grounds her faith on the love of God: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

So it was that this tolerance toward other men's ideas, creeds, race, and sins, and her faith in all that her religion meant in its truths kept Grandma calm in her daily life of *plain living and high thinking*.

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Personality, character, individualism—whatever it is that makes each person himself—is difficult to describe with a picture or with words. It sounds superficial to say that I know Grandma had a wonderful personality because, in the picture, her head has a confident tilt and the lines of her face show a strong character. But when I can read Grandma's thoughts about other persons from the pages of her Bible, I know what kind of a person she must have been, and this personality animates her picture for me.

One of the pillars of Christianity is the belief in the sanctity of the individual. Grandma's quotations supporting this belief are represented by, "Men may not be equal in capacity or achievement, but are equal in rights to justice, happiness, and opportunity,"

and,

. . . to every man there openeth
A high way and a low
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

Grandma was intensely human; she could travel the narrow way but take the broad view as she did so. It was because she could admit her own shortcomings that she was so tolerant of others. Little snatches of her marginal comments amplify her concern for self-correction and toleration:

There is only one person in the world whom you can reconstruct, and that is yourself.

You are not the sin you committed, you are your highest inspiration.

He prayeth well who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast. . . .

If people but knew their own religion, how tolerant they would become, and how free from any grudge against the religion of others.

Proverbs, 27:2: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

Self pity is the most pitiable of all pities.

Glory is not to him who loves his country;

Glory is to him who lives his kind.

The list goes on and on; it is the proof that Grandma did love her "kind" and not herself—which must have made it easy to love Grandma.

Not much imagination is necessary to see the "laugh wrinkles" around Grandma's eyes and mouth, even in my small picture of her. One of the best reasons for loving Grandma was that she could laugh. This fun-loving spirit pervades her Bible; she scribbled on a margin, "Enjoy your religion instead of enduring it." Grandma prepared a four-page list of odd and humorous things in the Bible while she enjoyed her religion. She included such oddities as the following:

For a nice murder story with all the gory details, read Judges, 3:14-30.

Men are warned not to tell their wives anything in Micah, 7:5.

The first anaesthetic was used in Genesis, 2:21-22.

A prophecy of the automobile is found in Nahum, 2:4.

Moses was the first labor agitator and strike leader. Exodus, 14.

The amazing thing is that Grandma could search these peculiar interpretations out and still not seem sacrilegious. She was just full of life and showed it. Her keen sense of humor was forever popping out in her notes with such phrases as "Funny!" "Ha," "Smooth," "Good Liars," "Butting in," and "Bah!"

In the little notebook which supplements many of her Bible comments, appears a little verse that explains Grandma's reasons for praising joy and searching for humor, even in as serious a book as the Bible:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth
Hath need of mirth
It has troubles enough of its own.

Along with the many other quotations Grandma has copied on the fly leaves of her unique Bible is a little anecdote in the form of a *Diary of a Bible*. The author is unknown, the idea only barely developed in the short treatment of the story, but the message is there:

Feb. 2—Clean up. I was dusted with other things and put back in place.

Feb. 8—Owner used me for a short time after dinner, looking up references. He had an awful time finding one, although it was right here in its place all the time. He took me to Sunday School.

March 7—Clean up. Dusted and in old place again. Have been down in lower hall since trip to Sunday School.

April 2—Busy Day. Owner led league meeting and had to look up a number of references.

May 5—In Grandma's lap all afternoon. She is here on a visit. She let a tear-drop fall on Colossians, 2:5-7.

May 6—In Grandma's lap again this afternoon. She spent most of her time on I Corinthians, 13, and the last four verses of the fifteenth chapter.

May 7, 8, 9—In Grandma's lap every afternoon now. It's a comfortable spot. Sometimes she reads me and sometimes she talks to me.

May 10—Grandma has gone home from her visit. I'm back in old place. She kissed me goodbye.

June 3—Had a couple four-leaf clovers stuck in me today.

This almost pathetic diary of a neglected Bible would not have impressed me a year ago—in fact, my own Bible had much the same treatment. But studying Grandma and her Bible has given me a new respect for this powerful, sensational book.

Grandma plumbed her Bible to its depths for spiritual inspiration, for daily food for daily needs; she reveled in its poetry and pompous themes; she enjoyed the study of human nature as revealed in its personalities. She believed that the progressing revelation of God and his will shown in the Bible is still progressing.

Grandma's Bible has come to mean much to me. It marks a distinction between those who possess their religion and those who merely profess it; between those who distinguish right from wrong and those who scoff at moral codes; between those who are tolerant and those who are prejudiced; between those who are brotherly and those who are selfish; between those who have hope and those who are in despair. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comforts of the scripture might have hope."

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime"—it must mean Grandma's Bible.

Promerania

The final arrival of the long anticipated event . . . the rush for the shower . . . the struggle with the over-starched shirts . . . the silent orisons to the shades of Jupiter for aid . . . the final summoning of a brother to help . . . the usual joke of growing too much since last time . . . the ineffectual silence that greets his remark . . . the struggle with the tie . . . the many damns . . . the handy ready-made ties . . . the thankfulness . . . the girl who always keeps her escort waiting . . . the thought that she might not like the corsage . . . the thought that it might not go with her dress . . . the nervous gestures toward tie and shirt . . . the attempt to cover up the feeling of awkwardness . . . the feeling that it all ought to be chucked . . . the griping about being late . . . the arrival . . . the discovery that the dance won't start for another half-hour . . . aimless chatter . . . the inspection of new arrivals . . . the mental reservation of how terrible they look in their dinner jackets . . . the realization that you probably look the same . . . the feeling of not being able to sit down without ripping something . . . the remonstrances of the girl about standing up all the time . . . the realization that a successful evening depends upon your program . . . the secret trips to the wash-room . . . the slight stagger on the return . . . the end of the evening . . . the sigh of relief . . . the all-night crap game . . . the till-the-next-time-thought.—GERALDINE BESNER

Grant Park—1933

HARRY KANTOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944

WHEN I ARRIVED AT CONGRESS AND MICHIGAN, where we had decided to meet, there was no one to be seen. This surprised me greatly as I had expected at least two hundred men under the most adverse conditions. As I stood there, peering around, Vlacek came along and said to me, "The cops told us to move over onto the ball field as there is more room there." This made me shudder, for I saw at once that the police had won the day. They could beat us up to their heart's content on the ball field without anyone's seeing them. Here on Michigan Avenue we would have had enough people watching the fight so that they would have had to be careful. It was with a heavy heart that I followed Vlacek to the ball field. As I walked along, I thought, "Why couldn't that damn convention have adjourned an hour earlier?" When we got close enough to see the men, I was agreeably surprised. There were about four hundred clerks and three hundred and fifty mailcarriers in their uniforms. Some were standing around in little groups talking, and some were sitting and lying on the grass waiting for something to happen. About half a block away three hundred policemen were standing.

I walked over to where Lawrence, the president of the union, was standing in the center of a group, and we called the other officers to us. We then discussed what we could do, for the police absolutely refused to allow us to parade. The only suggestion any of the others offered was to give up our plan of parading and to go home. I suggested that we have a meeting at once and talk things over with the members, while a committee went to the City Hall and tried to get a last minute permit for the parade. It was decided to do this, and Lawrence left with one uniformed mailcarrier and one uniformed truck driver. As I was vice-president, I was given the job of being chairman of the meeting.

I let out a yell and the men gathered eagerly around. It was easy to see they were tired of doing nothing and were eager for some action. I made a long speech in which I reviewed all that had led to our being there in the park. I related how the post-office officials had told us we were temporarily laid off, how our families were in need, and how the post-office officials had told us we could not take another job without resigning from the post office, even though we were not working. I then related how the relief officials had turned down our application for assistance because we were all employed. Then we had decided to demonstrate our predicament to the people of

Chicago by parading through the "Loop," and the police had refused to give us a permit for this, but had wanted us to parade at Union Avenue and Adams Street in the factory district, where no one would see us. I then went on to say that we had decided to assemble on Michigan Boulevard and parade without a permit and that the police had talked us into coming out near the lake front where no one could see us. I then asked, "What shall we do now?" Immediately a cry went up from many voices, "Let's parade and to hell with the cops." I told them that Lawrence and a committee were at the City Hall trying to get a permit and that three hundred policemen with guns and clubs would have an easy time dispersing seven hundred and fifty of us. Louder came the cry, "Let's march and to hell with the police."

By this time my throat was getting dry, so I asked one of the convention delegates from Detroit to speak. He spoke, but it seemed only a few minutes before he was through and I had to start talking again. I introduced in turn all of the out-of-town delegates present, and still Lawrence did not return. There was nothing for me to do but keep on talking. I did this, getting more tired all the time. Every time I paused, someone shouted, "Let's march." I was very much afraid of the consequences if we fought the police, so I forced myself to keep on talking, even though I had to say the same things over many times. I was dissecting the officials of the Post Office Department for the *n*th time when Lawrence at last arrived. With gratitude, I asked him to speak, and his reply was very discouraging. We were to go home, we were not to use the streets, and if we tried to march, the police would stop us.

This enraged the men tremendously. They all started to yell and shout. I heard, "To hell with the mayor," and "Let's march," and "To hell with the cops." I still did not see how we could beat up three hundred policemen, so I suggested the only compromise I could think of. "Let us," I said, "march in twos on the sidewalk. They will not then be able to say we are blocking traffic." A cheer greeted this proposal. The men wanted action. Anything seemed better to them than just talking and going home.

We formed a long line, and raising our banners we started to march. McLean, a burly man who was a lieutenant in the National Guard, and I led the parade. We marched by the police holding our breaths, and when we passed them without anything happening, our hopes were high. We were walking on the sidewalk going south towards Jackson Boulevard. When we came to Jackson Boulevard we turned right, and my heart sank into my shoes at what I saw. Ahead, on the bridge over the I. C. tracks, was a solid mass of blue police uniforms blocking the street and sidewalk; and streaming by us to join them went the policemen we had walked past so jubilantly a few moments ago.

There was nothing to do but to hold our heads and our banners high and

to look courageous. I knew it was a foregone conclusion that they would not let us pass and that we could not do a thing. As this thought whirled through my head, I reached the wall of blue. I got the impression of size as a big two-hundred-pound officer wrenched the banner out of my hands and I felt myself pulled through the wall of blue and found myself on the other side. I looked back and saw the police tearing the banners away from the men and then pushing them on to where I was. In a few minutes' time they had taken away all our banners, broken our ranks, and put ten men who had violently refused to part with their banners into a patrol wagon. The policemen then started us moving in a disorderly fashion by pushing us with their clubs, and we straggled away. It was hopeless to do anything else. There seemed to be more policemen than post-office men.

I told all of the men near me to tell everyone to go to our meeting hall, and, with a discouraged feeling, I started for the hall.

Journey into Science

JERRY KHARASCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944

I HAD OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE "NEIGHBORHOOD phenomenon," the bewildering group of boys who had attained the age of eleven or so and who were no longer given to the passionate desire of filling their entire Saturdays with the absorbing and all-important occupations of marbles, cowboy-and-Indians, baseball, western movies, rough-and-tumble, or just general revelry. It seemed that they just lost interest: they were willing to devote only five instead of the original six days, Sunday being the Day of Rest, to the devising of new ways of getting their breath knocked out and their blood pressure raised. Gone, or at least partially gone, was the old wild joy of severe physical contact, of the bloody nose and the sprained ankle; and I dreaded, although I think that I strongly suspected it would eventually come, the day when I too would have this shameful attitude. It came of course and, strangely enough, just as I and my uncivilized cohorts reached the advanced age of eleven or thereabouts. There came over us then a more or less sincere desire for activities of the mind instead of those of the body: for learning, for travel, and for adventure of a higher sort. Therefore, it was not long after that one of us discovered the Museum of Science and Industry.

We were fortunate in choosing for our trip a Saturday which happened to be one of the most pleasant of the Chicago summer days. We decided to

leave early to give ourselves enough time for the long journey, the museum being located on the southeast side of the city, a distance of nearly sixteen miles from our west-West Side. To satisfy our desire for adventure we decided to make the trip in one of the then-rare and now-extinct "open-top" buses. Since our desire for adventure was particularly strong, it was also unanimously decided that we sit on the top of the bus, to put ourselves in a dangerous position, as it were, by the ever-present possibility of our heads' being left behind if we should fail to obey the bus driver's command (which, thrill of thrills, came through a loudspeaker!) of "Caution! Low bridge ahead!" After allowing three of the more common and more safe "one-deckers" to pass us up, we saw in the distance the great hulk of the "open-top." It arrived; we got on and began our journey.

We found, from our vantage point atop the bus, that the section of Jackson Boulevard from Central to Michigan Avenues could be an intensely interesting place. First of all, we could look directly into many of the first-floor apartment house windows as we sped along. The looks of surprise the unfortunate inhabitants gave us were enough to keep us in high spirits, at least on that particular leg of our journey. As if this great fun were not enough, we found to our great joy that our bus driver was considerate enough to take any and all turns at high speed. As we went careening down the boulevard, ducking bridges (at the last moment!), braving the powerful breeze, and holding onto our seats tenaciously, we could not help feeling that our courageous and heroic appearance impressed the "land-locked" pedestrians, who we thought were watching our every move with breathless anticipation. Yes, that was life, that was high adventure, but we soon came to the next and last leg of our journey.

Jackson Boulevard had taken us as far east as we needed to go, and it was by way of Michigan Boulevard that we would go south. Just as Michigan Boulevard involved a complete transfer of buses (from the "26" to the "No. 1 Hyde Park"), so was there also a complete change of atmosphere. First of all, we couldn't get an "open-top," but instead had to ride in a saner vehicle which was built much closer to the ground. Then, too, the "No. 1 Hyde Park" bus drivers had the disgusting habit of staying entirely within the speed limits, which had the result of effectively smothering any last, smouldering embers of our "adventuresome" spirit. It was Michigan Avenue itself, however, which really provided the change of atmosphere. Many of the most beautiful stores are located here, automobile shops being the most preponderant for some distance. This avenue also cuts through the Negro districts. Here we saw the numerous Negro churches, some of which were great buildings reminiscent of the former grandeur of the district, and some, mostly the evangelist churches, housed in tents with blazing, red-painted signs announcing the programs to come. We were not oblivious, though, to the filthy and squalid conditions in which the Negroes were then

obliged to live, conditions which have now been remedied to some extent by the housing projects, the beginnings of which we also saw on our trip. We came to another Negro district, then a white district, and then our destination was in sight.

The Museum of Science and Industry—or shorter, The Rosenwald Museum—is a huge, gray-white and many-columned structure which is situated about half a block from the shore of Lake Michigan. We weren't much impressed by the outside, but once inside we knew that we would return again and again. The famous "Texaco" airplane was suspended from the ceiling of the main display room. In the center of the room was a huge and intricately complete model railway, which kept us wonderingly occupied for hours. We found the specific display rooms to contain easily understandable illustrations and working models of Newton's Third Law of Motion and the Law of Falling Bodies. There were rooms given over to medicine, chemistry, physics, and rooms within which were shown the developments of the telephone, the telegraph, the microscope, the clock, and the automobile engine. Best of all, of course, was the convenient and prolific supply of "pushable" buttons, which we made good use of, to the consternation of the attendants. This was the first of our first ventures into the scientific, and we enjoyed it tremendously. We stayed until forced to leave.

When we got outside, it was nearly dark, but our glorious day was not yet finished. For didn't we still have the Michigan and Jackson Boulevard buses to occupy us?

Mexican Marketplace

Our car inched its way over the narrow, produce-crowded street. The mustached peasant women advertised their wares in shrill, begging voices. Every kind of article imaginable was represented. Jewelry and native vegetables were side by side, sheltered by makeshift roofs which did very little to protect the goods. Flies hovered over a box of cactus candy under one shed. Customers and vendors alike contributed to the noisy confusion, their vivid blouses and serapes mingling in one huge panorama of color. In a vacant doorway a peon slept, his hat over his face. A dirty-faced little boy clambered up on the fender of our car. "Cigarillos, senorita? Muy barato." (Cigarettes, young lady? Very cheap.) Our noses were threatened by his hand containing several packages of low-grade but gaudily-packaged Mexican cigarettes. We shook our heads in vain. The car lurched suddenly, barely missing a convention of dogs in the middle of the street. Over in a corner a woman was arguing vehemently with a fruit vendor. Under a lamp post two romantic peons eyed a young peasant girl who cooly ignored them. We were blinded by the sun's reflection against the dead-white adobe buildings, and were choked by the combined stench of human bodies, rotting food, and smoke. But as we drove ahead, the tumult thinned. We had visited our Mexican marketplace. If we had been excited by the prospect, we were overcome by the reality. Sounds, now faint, drifted from behind us. "Cigarillos, senorita? Muy barato."—ZELDA SHERMAN

What's in a Uniform?

PEGGY O'NEIL

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944

WHAT'S IN A UNIFORM? A UNIFORM IS, UNDOUBTEDLY, the most common denominator in the world and offers no hint as to what its owner is. When a girl meets a service man, she can type him immediately as blond, tall, with blue eyes, stirring voice, and curly hair. But just where does this get her? Dillinger could have had all those descriptive terms applied to him. So the girl starts a campaign, a campaign to find, in this specific case, just what is in a uniform.

If you meet him at the U.S.O. or a Union mixer, you are of course going to dance. Dancing in itself isn't very helpful, for it requires no background or education to dance; but it is very conducive to talking. A leading question is always, "Where are you from?" and if he is a loquacious individual, he immediately gives you a digression on his home, his family, his dog, his school, and Aunt Jennie's latest operation, all complete with pictures. This sounds extremely trying, but if you really want to be frustrated, just get a Reticent Boy.

The Reticent Boy has a vocabulary of two words, "uh-huh" and "un-unh." If he is in an extremely talkative mood, he may go so far as to say "yes" and "no." He usually stares vaguely into space and looks at you questioningly at your every remark. Whether he is wondering what you said, or showing his amazement at anyone who could talk so much, you will probably never ascertain.

A constant stag at a dance is the uniformed Smooth Guy, known in your circles as a B.M.O.C. He holds you very closely when you dance and immediately after cracking your third rib begins to eulogize your beauty, personality, and dancing ability. Being a girl and therefore possessing all the feminine traits, you perk up your ears at this; just as he really gets into his stride, the music stops. Smoothie leads you to a chair and deposits you there to lick your wounds. Five minutes later you pass him and hear exactly the same compliments with the same gusto and only a few minor changes.

It is a rare evening when the Playboy is not present. He is usually about the size of a mammoth and dances with just as much grace. He has a voice like Thor's, and a sense of humor that he likens to that of Bacchus and that you attribute to some protégé of Frankenstein. You are extremely fortunate if he is not in the mood to swing you over his head or to direct the orchestra with a broom. If you are sitting down, he always tries to stack coke-bottles—

and breaks them—or to tell with demonstrations about a floor show he saw at The Stork Club.

You usually meet the Griper about half-way through the evening. He wanders up to you, mouth dropped to his socks, and a look in his eyes that suggests the title character in *Lassie Come Home*. You brace yourself and think up every remark of consolation and sympathy you have ever heard, wondering if it was his mother or father who passed away. He looks at you mournfully, then opens the hole in his cadaver-like face to ask if you will dance. Stunned, you accept, and he at once begins. Army life is hell, the food is terrible, his girl got married, the barracks are like caves, the instructors are all down on him, his buddies don't treat him properly, the orchestra is terrible—and so on. Sympathy doubles itself in your soul—sympathy for yourself.

You never fail to meet Joe from Brooklyn. Not Queens or the Bronx or Manhattan, but Brooklyn. He has the characteristic accent and atrocious grammar and is full of surprises. It is not at all unlikely that he will inform you, in his quaint version of English, that he is a college graduate, has worked at everything from ditchdigging to cooking at the Mansion, and is a great friend of Al Smith's. He usually dances at a progressively accelerated speed, and by the time the music has stopped, you are quite content to be flung into a chair with a parting "Be seein' ya!"

If you look young and artless, the Baby may ask you to dance. I say "may," for he seldom dances at all. He is invariably tall and lanky and has eyes exactly like Borden's Elsie. He calls you "ma'm" and at the slightest provocation will put out his wallet and exhibit his family and his "sorta girl." His dancing is a combination of the square dance and a two-step that he painfully and laboriously counts out. However, you really don't mind him, for he, although a trifle phlegmatic, is at least safe.

The Clumsy Oaf always comes around, too. He trips up to you, falls over a chair, loses his balance trying to pick it up, and asks you coyly from a reclining position if you will "trip the light fantastic" with him. Two words, anyway, are correct—*trip* and *fantastic*. If he could continue his initial act of tripping over himself, your objections would not be so vehement. But when he begins tripping over you, it's a different matter. It is impossible even to suppose that he realizes there is any such thing as music, and if he did he couldn't hear it through his constant din of "Excuse me," "I'm sorry," and "Pardon me." After he has kicked your shins for the fifth time, you begin to wonder if perhaps it isn't malicious, but finally you become too numb even to wonder, and are utterly oblivious of the fact that he has finally gone until someone else asks you to dance.

The Jitterbug is the real test, however. He doesn't ask you to dance; he simply hauls you out on the floor. After a few turns about in the air,

during which you violently proclaim that you do not jitterbug, he begins in earnest. You close your eyes, pray for salvation, wish you hadn't fought with your roommate, and give up the spirit. The dance itself is a daze—particularly after he cracks your head against the wall—rata-tata-tat—in a tricky little turn. When he finally leaves you, a disheveled and disheartened woman, you wonder whether he is in the tank corps, and hope he is.

What's in a uniform? You can tell the world that there is every kind of character, personality, and ability in the world.

An Automobile Accident

PEGGY O'NEIL

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944

I SAW IT COMING AND WAS HELPLESS—

At first there was nothing. A void that lacked even color. Then, quite suddenly, I saw a flash of red dart through, trailing after it a cloud of black that enveloped the nothingness. I put out my hand and felt a soft substance that melted when I touched it like the cotton-candy you buy at a circus. When I withdrew my hand, a galaxy of starry little yellow and green comets burst out of the blackness.

I knew that something was wrong, and tried desperately to pierce the haze that surrounded my mind. There was pain that I felt objectively, as if it belonged to someone else. I shook my head savagely and stared into—nothing. What was this? Had I suddenly become a creature of limbo with no sensibilities or thought?

Airy, ethereal Things began to float about me, coming close enough to make their presence known, but not close enough to identify themselves. I struck out at them fiercely with arms that seemed only half mine. I felt as if I were going higher and higher, and suddenly, with a huge crescendo and great flashes of yellow, blinding light, the darkness rolled away with a thunderous sound that reverberated like echoes in a canyon.

As things began to take on a definite form, I lay quite still, afraid to break the spell. Then I saw the blessed blue of the sky. I tried to reach my arms up to it, but they seemed locked to the earth. Slowly I rolled my head to one side and looked. Near me was a twisted mass of metal, charred and dead, with a few greedy little yellow flames licking at its remains.

My arm was twisted grotesquely, turned backward. I laughed at its strange position and a trickle of warm, brilliant blood ran down my face. Red blood, yellow flames, blue sky, green grass—red, yellow, blue, green . . .

Beautiful, soft, ebony blackness.

They Command the Nation

KENNETH WATSON

Verbal Expression IB, Theme 5, 1943-1944

MY FATHER HAS LONG BEEN THE REPUBLICAN CHIEFTAIN in our dynamic, little town. The first job I ever did was to mark a big X in the circle at the top of the Republican ballot with a wax crayon. The wax crayon was used because it could not be erased. The privacy of our home has always been invaded by precinct committeemen, job hunters, or people who just come for advice. The small town boss is the shoulder upon which everyone in town drops his dirty tears.

There was a time when I was often shamed to tears that my dad was a Republican at all, much less the leader of the Republicans throughout the township. During the 1932 Roosevelt landslide a vote was taken in our second-grade class at school. There were only four Republican votes out of forty-four. But we didn't spend much time crying over our defeat. Slowly, laboriously, the Republicans began to move back to the fore. Every instance of politics in the WPA and affiliated organizations was played up to the limit. The Democrats lacked strong leaders, and those whom they had were greedy and were out for all they could get. To bring these issues into the open my father and his cohorts resorted to a small mimeographing machine, with which they printed excerpts from the *Congressional Record* and current magazines, and distributed them to as many people in the township as they could afford.

These pamphlets pointed out the fact that Democratic WPA foremen were stealing shovels and selling them, that they were giving the softer jobs of the WPA to members of their own party. And they pointed out the very poor quality of work done on the sewer, highway, shaling, and all other projects run by the Democrats.

The Republicans had no jobs to offer. The Democrats had many. But the Republicans had courageous, honest, self-sacrificing workers who were willing to pay out their own money to overcome the tyrannical administration (in our township at least) of the Democrats. The Democrats had few men who could measure up to these standards.

The entire Republican township slate was back in the saddle by 1936. In 1938 the county and state tickets went over with a big majority. And in 1940 Willkie snowed under Roosevelt by six hundred votes. There are usually fifteen hundred votes cast in the entire township.

The average person knows little of the vast hours of hard work and planning that the alert politician goes through prior to election day. Several

months before the election, he takes the poll books used at the last primary election, and checking on how his people voted, he ascertains the number of sure Republican votes to be cast in the coming fight. The clerks at a primary election write down in the poll books the name of each voter and the ballot he takes to the election booth, either a Republican ballot or a Democratic ballot. After years of working with these books, the boss is able to say without hesitating how a voter in his township "went last time." Very many people do not know of the existence of poll books. Job seekers will cross their hearts and swear on their honor that they have always voted the Republican ticket. Yet the boss to whom they are speaking will know perfectly well that their record has been splotchy.

Two months before an election Dad would come bursting into the house and, after noisily summoning my sister and me, would hand us long lists of names to be typed. We would type the names of certain people under the name of a driver who would drive them to the polls on the day of the balloting. It is very important that the right driver pick up the right voter. The driver of each car has a copy of his list, and as each voter is brought in he scratches the name off the list. In this manner all "sure" votes are certain to be collected. Despite this seemingly airtight system, there occur slip-ups. Ten minutes before the polls are to close, several of the precinct committeemen, or other field generals, are running wildly about in an attempt to secure a car to "run up and get old Jones and his wife."

Much thought and care are put into the task of pairing the drivers of cars and the persons whom they shall haul to vote. Religion is a prime consideration. Old line Methodists are likely to become angry if some members of the Catholic faith are sent to drive them to the polls. Women who attend the ladies aid or bridge or bunco clubs are sent to bring in fellow members of these clubs. The boss must keep abreast of the relations between families, for if a driver is sent to convey an enemy he is apt to ignore him altogether. Drivers may make two or three trips to the same part of town and bring back one voter each time. Although not economical, it is nevertheless a good policy. It would be annoying to the one voter already in the car, if the driver parked and waited for another voter to dress, especially if the two are women. People are strange: they will ride down to vote with the same driver year after year, election after election, and will vote the same ticket at each balloting; and yet they must be pampered. They want it felt that they have not as yet made up their mind, and that they must be treated with due respect in exchange for their vote.

Certain voters ride to the polls with the same driver at each election. A strong attachment grows up between these voters and their driver. They may not see their regular driver from one election until the next, but punctually at two o'clock, or whatever time they are accustomed to vote, they

will dress up and wait for their chauffeur to come after them. On the way to and from the polls they will discuss with their driver the latest gossip. These people, usually old women and men, may not see their friend who accompanies them to the polls until the next election, but they will refuse to ride to vote in anyone else's car.

My father had many political enemies in our town. This enmity grew especially bitter during local campaigns. In local battles everyone knows personally each candidate; his weaknesses are magnified by his opponents and everything possible is done to undermine his reputation. Controversies which have lain dormant in political strife for a period of twenty years may be dragged out and used to recreate ill feeling against the candidate. It is not unusual in these hot local elections for the two opposing candidates to do physical battle on the streets of the village.

However, between political opponents of long standing there seems to exist a kind of fellowship, a professional friendship. My father and several of the Democratic leaders are savage in their attempts to discredit and out-plan each other during elections, but in the breathing spell between these political wars they are the best of friends.

The former Democratic chieftain of the township, who was pulled down to defeat, losing a lucrative job in the state highway department as a result, drops in occasionally with his wife to spend an evening with my parents. My father and he discuss with deep, unprejudiced opinion the war, religion, old times and friends. My father often goes to baseball games, on fishing trips, etc. with several of his most severe antagonists. Disliked by politicians of both parties are the "leeping lenas" who hop from one band wagon to the other in search of snap political jobs.

After one party has been swept from power and replaced by another, comes the ticklish task of handing out the job trophies in order to gain the maximum number of votes. In towns of from eight hundred to fifteen hundred there are always three or four families tied together by marriage, forming a clan. The local politician makes it a point to accommodate as many members of these respective families as possible. Usually there is one member of the clan who is ambitious, and who possesses sufficient intelligence to enable him to appreciate the advantages of his position. This person tests the diplomatic skill of the midwestern Disraeli. Proposal and counter proposal, a few strings pulled here, a little pressure there, and everyone is satisfied, and the clan's votes are assured.

There is always an individual who, in a hot campaign, haunts the headquarters of the party, in this case our filling station. He works very hard and rushes in at all hours of the day or night with "hot" news or the latest "dope." After the campaign is ended he drops in only occasionally and in the following campaign may take no part whatsoever.

Such a man was Levy, a short, hawk-nosed, bald-headed son of Israel. Levy settled in our town several months previous to a county election fight. He was a flighty character and was the butt of many jokes. He was on a higher intellectual plane than the ordinary run of battle-scarred political fighters. The old line politicians were constantly writing him anonymous threatening letters. Immediately after receiving such a letter he would hasten down to my father and spend hours in defying the Democrats to "get his job" or smear his reputation. Levy would race around the town in his small pickup truck and put up posters, summon "big shots" to meetings, and spy on doubtful patrons. A few months after this torrid campaign had ended victoriously, Levy and his family unobtrusively packed their goods and left for Detroit, passing into oblivion.

It is interesting to be a part of the local political battles. Being the son of a "boss" has many advantages. You address all the state patrolmen by their first names. You drive your car at every funeral, rich or poor. I have driven at colored or poor white funerals where three of the four cars furnished belonged to political figures in the community. I often wondered at such funerals where the sainted ladies with the prickly barbs of gossip on their tongues were when these Christian colored people lacked cars to take their families to the cemetery.

The rural boss is the Emily Post of his domain. Problems dealing with illegitimate children, unfaithful husbands, divorce troubles are talked over with him in strictest privacy; and his advice is considered law.

Will Wendell Willkie be the next president of the United States? Will the United States join the united nations? Who will decide these potent questions? The serious-faced man with the thinning hair and the true unwavering eyes, with mud on his shoes and a battered old pipe in his mouth—here is the real ruler of America. Without his tireless energy no congressman, senator, or president can walk the stately corridors of Washington. He takes the idealism of a Wilson and transforms it into janitor jobs in the county courthouse; he buys the local sot a shot of whiskey and smiles while he does it—"You dam right MacArthur's the man." The average voter lacks both the time and the ability to study the qualities of various candidates, and comes to a definite conclusion as to who is the best man for the job. He judges only the men whom he knows. If being a Republican will get him a new sidewalk on his street, he is a Republican. If the Democrats can get him a better job at a better factory, then he is a Democrat. Professors will orate for hours on the means of making a better world. They never succeed in getting their ideas across to the people, because they don't control any jobs anywhere. People will never change. As long as we have thousands of courageous, democratic-minded political commanders in every hamlet in the republic our democracy will survive. It matters not whether they be conservative or radical, as long as there are many of them.

Dissenter

ELAINE SELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1943-1944

WHEN I FIRST STARTED TO TYPE LONG DAILY LISTS of records for a Chicago news syndicate—in fact, the first morning, just after I'd hung my coat in the Press Room of the County Building—I was admitted to the “organization.” It was just that—a well organized machine for gathering news and sharing scoops with a minimum of work for the “charter members.” I wasn't a charter member; hence, I would receive no dividends. I would merely trot obediently to the Press Room whenever anything unusual happened, tell the first person I met about it, and trust him to inform all the reporters before a phone was lifted from a hook. Of course this was usually pretty simple, for invariably they were all in the room or within easy calling distance. I was told at the same time that Ray Froehlich, the *Tribune* reporter, was the guiding light and originator of the organization and that I should humor him at all times. Actually I was so thrilled at being considered important enough to be admitted that I gave little thought to the ethical aspect of the organization, and, after a few months, I came to accept it as automatically as anyone else.

I guess I talked about it with Pat. I must have, because Pat and I were very good friends and shared opinions about things in general and the newspaper business in particular. We argued some, too, because Pat was pretty idealistic about her journalism and I was too much inclined to follow the crowd and jump for a spot in which I could avoid a great deal of responsibility. Well, as I said, we argued, but it was all theory and we didn't get anywhere.

Pat had never worked in the County Building until one afternoon when I had an unusual amount of work to do and she was sent over to help me. I put her to work in the Circuit Court Clerk's office, making a list of the suits as they came in, and I hurried downstairs to catch up on my marriage licenses. When I walked into the Press Room to send my three o'clock copy I knew something was wrong. The “fellas” weren't sitting around the way they usually did, and the continuous gin rummy game between two of the photographers which had become almost a tradition was not in progress. Even the case of beer which the mayor sent up to “his boys” on hot afternoons was almost intact. Charley Anderson, one of the reporters from our office who had always been especially nice to me, was the only occupant of the room. He stood up as I came in.

“What's the number?” he demanded.

Of course I didn't understand, but he had no patience with my stupidity and snapped, "The divorce, what number is it?" And then, first noticing my surprise he added in a somewhat softer tone, "The Potter Palmer divorce—you did call it into the office, didn't you?"

I denied all connection with the suit vehemently and then, remembering Pat, I led Charley to the Circuit Court, all the while protesting, "But Pat wouldn't do it—she wouldn't scoop you—I just know it." And I really did believe it too.

But I was wrong; Pat had called the story into our office and scooped the city. I knew it as soon as I saw Ray Froehlich talking to her. Ray was the kind of a guy who might get scooped but who lost no time in finding the person who was responsible and in clearing the whole matter up. I was scared as I heard Pat telling him what she thought of the whole "division of labor" system. After all, she was only a kid and Froehlich was pretty powerful. Charley and I stood, somewhat aside, and listened as she let her idealism have full expression and compared Ray to a political boss and, with a melodramatic flourish, finished, "I'm glad I scooped you."

A Potter Palmer story is to Chicago what a Henry Ford story would be to Detroit, and a divorce would make particularly juicy material for the early editions of a midsummer Monday afternoon. Ray stood there, his pipe at its characteristic angle, silently appraising this girl who had so defiantly broken his unwritten law.

He said nothing to Pat or to me, but, seeing Charley for the first time, he turned to him. "When the hell will your outfit learn to keep their infants at home?" he asked. "This isn't the place for child's play or high school dramatics." He left then and the three of us stood facing each other.

Pat was still sputtering. "I don't care," she repeated. "I don't care. I'll tell any of them the same thing—I found the suit and it was a good story and so I called the office. The desk said it was good work." She sounded almost proud and I was sorry because I was still worrying about what would happen. Harry Norman, one of the city's best divorce lawyers, came up just then.

"I hear your desk gave you hell," he greeted Charley. "Oh, well, you fellas will let these copy girls scoop you." Harry was a firm believer in the old cutthroat school of journalism that the movies portray so vividly, where scoops were the everyday run of things. "Biggest story this month," he gloated, "and everybody's drinking beer. Of course you can always say that there were two of them and they ganged up on you." Harry didn't stay around much longer.

"But, Charley," Pat began as soon as he had gone, "it isn't fair. Why should the desk pick on you? We got the story. I didn't mean to get you in trouble—I only wanted to show some of those fellas that somebody isn't

afraid of them." Pat's tone was bewildered at this point and evidently Charley decided not to try to explain because he shook his head and walked back to the Press Room.

Froehlich didn't lose time. He called his managing editor, accused Charley of working with the rival morning *Sun* against the *Tribune*, which was the mainstay of the syndicate, and demanded that he lose his job. The *Tribune's* pressure was great and within a few hours Charley had been notified that he had been relegated to working a police beat again. Just why Froehlich picked on Charley I don't exactly know, except that maybe he figured that somebody from our office had to suffer and we were too small for him to bother with. At any rate you can imagine how Pat felt. She went melodramatic again and cried all over my shoulder, all about how big a heel she was for trying to buck a machine. Froehlich sat silently in the corner of the Press Room, smoking his pipe and drinking the mayor's beer. He made me sick.

Pat got the congratulations of the office and a bonus besides—they always believed in encouraging initiative in their employees. I guess they understood the whole situation a lot better than any of us thought they did, but even they were powerless against the "organization." Things were not the same with Pat, and I never saw that idealistic flash again. Two weeks later she took a job in a bank 'way out on the South Side.

City Editor

The desk was littered. Newspapers in all states of decomposition were strewn about. The cord on the telephone was wrapped intricately around the buzzer which summoned the eager copy kids. Spiked spindles jutted up at perilous angles all around. Copy, waiting to be read, was scattered at random and often found its way into the box of already edited stories. Behind the desk, Phil Dobert, city editor, was straining his every muscle to fight the confusion which filled the office. The tension seemed to pull the room out of proportion as telephones rang, the switchboard buzzed, and Dobert yelled. He yelled at everybody. The copy kids who missed a flash over the police radio, Miss Ryan, the switchboard operator, who couldn't locate the West Side reporter, and the rewrite man who couldn't spell *habeas corpus*—each came in for his share of the bellowed scorn.

When yelling didn't get results Dobert pulled himself up before his desk, placed his two hands squarely on its flat surface, and glared. He got his way. Dobert was a big man, about six feet tall and powerfully built. His sparse blond hair belied his age, which the copy kids, in secret discussion, had definitely established at thirty-four. He had a hulking frame and huge rounded shoulders which added to the animal effect that his bullying nature produced. He swore horrible oaths, asked sarcastically, "Are you a reporter or a debutante?" and then thrust his briar pipe determinedly between his teeth, and worked. He answered phones with one hand, always keeping up his steady flow of invective, and corrected copy with the other. He worked with a remarkable fury and an amazing skill. He was perfectly adapted to the surrounding chaos.—ELAINE SELL

The Beginning of Evil

DOROTHY KNAPHURST

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944

THE MORNING SUNLIGHT SPOTLIGHTED EACH SMALL head in the third-grade room as if each one were doing a special performance for the sunbeams. Pictures of dogs in childish scrawls looked alertly down at the twenty bodies sitting almost motionlessly in the five rows of four each. Only the foot of a stray "glosh" peeping out from the cloakroom door was a blight on the perfect order of the room.

Grimy hands tapped out the rhythm of the monotonous droning—three times three is nine, three times four is twelve, three times five is fifteen. The small voices sometimes faltered, but never the deep masculine voice of the big, masculine woman with the mustache on her upper lip who stood at the head of the class like an immovable Indian totem pole in her "Joseph's" dress of many colors.

At last the multiplication ceased and squeaky drawers in squeakier desks opened up and out came pencils and papers. This was now a penmanship class. Miss Brig gruffly shouted for silence, and after a penetrating stare at each individual third grader to insure quiet, turned to the blackboard and began to write the lesson. The little girl in the second row, second seat began primly to copy the lesson as usual. The straightness of her posture and the short, straight, evenly cut hair that never so much as fluttered in the breeze marked her as a "good" girl, one who never disobeyed "Teacher." Each of her letters was made painstakingly and slowly, just the way the twenty had been taught in the years of their "youth." This morning, however, was destined to begin a new epoch in the little girl's life. A low "pst" behind her made the little girl jump, and the capital *P* suddenly became a new letter, as yet unnamed. However, she was a "good" girl and ignored this unseemly interruption. The little boy of the "pst" was not to be ignored in that cold manner and another, softer "pst" floated up to the little girl. Now, the little girl was not in the habit of being accosted in such a manner during class by the other third graders, because she was timid and that automatically made her "good." Her pencil faltered and the *P*'s began to get noticeably more imperfect. Should she answer the call or resume the path of duty? A more impatient, now louder "pst" made her jump again. That settled it. She put down her pencil and slowly, uncertainly turned around. The sunbeams stopped their dancing, the dogs on the wall pictures sat down, and the third graders held their breath. Not the little girl who was so good, surely not.

"What'd ya want?" Her lips barely moved and no sound came out.

"Got'n 'raser?" The little boy smiled agreeably and waited. She put out her soiled fist and quickly dropped the eraser on the desk.

"Here," she whispered.

"Thanks—say, don't you live across the alley from school?"

"Umhum." The little girl was getting scared now. After all, this was her first clash with the devil and she wasn't used to the bumpy feeling inside. She whirled around and began to fill the paper with illegible *P*'s. The third grade breathed a sigh of relief and settled back to work.

Miss Brig put down the chalk and sat down with a thump. She looked at the third grade casually and then at the second seat in the second row sharply. Well, well, the devil had triumphed at last. She smiled as the low "pst" came and the pencil grew more erratic.

The Flying Dutchman

JOHN ALLEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944

HIS NAME WAS HERMANN KLIESTNER, AND HE WAS the sourest German ever to lift a beer mug. But he was one of those few men whose performances make one doubt whether they are altogether mortal. They called him "The Flying Dutchman," and told stories of his exploits over their beer on winter evenings. He was a switchman, and he worked in the North Yards on the second trick, from four o'clock till midnight. No one ever did anything well enough to please him. He cursed everybody, from the division superintendent down to the call boy, and they all told themselves, "If it was anybody else but that damn Dutchman—," and kept quiet.

He had an uncanny sense of timing, and a catlike, effortless way of moving that would have made his actions seem quite ordinary, had he not emphasized each one with a low, hoarse shout. Each time he slipped lightly onto the step of an oncoming yard engine, each time he boarded a boxcar in mid-air, he yelled. His fellow railroaders watched and marveled as he grew old in his job, and became a legend. "The Dutchman" never had an accident or mishap of any kind until the one that ended his career.

It happened on a clear spring night, late in March, in his sixtieth year. He was breaking in a new man, and had sent the novice across some tracks to throw a switch. "The Dutchman" saw the man's lantern drop suddenly. The man had tripped on a rail and fallen across the tracks on his side, catching the other rail behind his ear. At the same time, about fifty yards

north of the switch on the same track, a clanking little yard engine had given a twenty-three ton gondola car a powerful shove, and turned it loose. "The Dutchman" saw the gondola rumble into the smoky circle of light cast by a yard floodlight on a high pole, and he began to curse. At the same time, he began to run, intending to intercept the car midway between the light and the pole, in order to set the handbrakes. While he was still the width of a track away from the car, he took off. He clutched wildly at the ladder on the side, and roared his mad-bull yell. The momentum of the car whipped him against the side. His back smashed against a steel reenforcement, and his legs went numb. As the car passed out of the light, those who saw him say he pulled himself up to the handbrakes and began to tighten them. They say his legs hung straight down, and that his hips were queerly twisted. The car stopped fifty feet from the unconscious switchman, its wheels framed in sparks. They say that, as the car stopped, the strength seemed to go out of "The Dutchman's" arms, his fingers relaxed, and his body slid off the ladder.

Sometimes, when the yard clerks on the second trick get a little tired, along toward eleven, there is a momentary lull in the switching and off in the distance they hear the thud and bang of two cars coupling, followed by a muffled shout. The green shaded lamps above the desks tremble from the shock, and the clerks grin to themselves. They are thinking, "That's him—there he goes again—"The Flying Dutchman'."

From Sky to Earth

JANET SISSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944

THE HANGAR BOY'S GREASE-SMUDGED FACE APPEARED over the right cowl of the Taylorcraft. Behind steel-rimmed glasses, his owl-eyes squinted to see me through the glare from the pyralin windshield.

"Contact!" he shouted, with his hands on the propeller and his right leg extended to swing him out of the prop's path.

"Contact!" I shouted back and flipped the switch to "ON."

Down came the prop and the engine caught with a roar. Cautiously, I taxied away from the hangar apron to avoid dusting the hangar with gravel picked up by the slipstream. Safely clear, I made a tight circle for a last look at the windsock. As I shoved the throttle in I noticed that it did not

respond as easily as it should. Assuming that someone had tightened the lock for a steady throttle setting, I gave it several loosening twists and then concentrated on making a smooth, precise take-off.

A clearing turn at the end of the runway showed me that no other planes were making a landing close enough to cause collision. I flung the 'Craft's nose into the wind and shoved the throttle to full on. The runway sped by faster and faster, and in the space of several seconds, the ground fell away.

"From now on," I said mentally to the 'Craft, "it's just you and me and God."

The air was clear and free from the usual mist accompanying late summer afternoons in Michigan. The sun was well past the three-quarter mark in its daily arc and was beginning to change from yellow to deep orange. As I gained altitude, the squares on the checkerboard of the earth grew smaller and smaller. The Saginaw River, which bends around the Bay City Airport, resembled a strip of tinsel from a Christmas tree.

The usual feeling of exhilaration possessed me as I started a few mild aerobatics to brush away the cobwebs of a week's stay on the ground. The 'Craft seemed in the best of condition and responded to my every whim. Off to the west lay Saginaw Bay, a tranquil sheet of blue water flecked with amber where the slanting runs of the sun struck the peaks of the wind waves. Smoke from a lake steamer floated lazily upward out on the vague lake horizon. It seemed as though I were completely detached from the panoramic scene below.

A prod from my subconscious mind reminded me that my main object in this flight was not pleasure, but practice. My elementary maneuvers were all too sloppy and needed a great deal of improving.

The first thing on the schedule was the series of turns, a maneuver consisting of turns with varying degrees of bank and horizontal turning. The prescribed altitude is 1500 feet and is held constant throughout the series. The last of the sequence is the well-known 720° power turn with a 60° bank. The extreme angle of bank requires an increased power setting. I touched the throttle lever lightly for this increase, but no increase was forthcoming. A harder push brought the extra revolutions per minute, but also a slight worry over the stiffness of the throttle.

"Maybe I should go back to the field and have Eddie check it," I thought.

The thought was expressed automatically in my hands, and I tugged at the throttle to cut the power and lose altitude. The usually easily sliding lever now required pulls of considerable strength to get the desired power-cut.

I set the ship in a steep spiral, my eyes shifting rapidly from the airspeed indicator to the wing tip to the altimeter. At 600 feet I attempted to give it

the gun to break the glide but was unable to budge the throttle. From that moment on I acted mechanically while my mind sat far above watching the scene with interest. I hammered frantically at the lever, all the while keeping my eye on a nearby field suitable for a forced landing. The earth seemed to be rushing up at me in its anticipation of the dust which was about to return to dust.

With only 100 feet of altitude remaining, I managed to coax enough power from the reluctant throttle to break my glide and to maintain level flight at just above stalling speed. I could gain no altitude, so I headed the ship back toward the airport.

My heart sat on the end of my tongue and fluttered anxiously while I limped over the deep marshes which approach the river from the east. The wind had swung to the east and made a circle of the field to the west necessary for an upward landing. I could see several of the airport gang standing with upturned faces, probably wondering if I had never studied the rules for an approach to a landing field prescribing 600 feet of altitude.

The several minutes it took to line up for landing stretched into what seemed like years. The broken throttle refused to give an inch when I pulled at it for the complete power-cut required for landing. Then it moved enough to cut my power lower than necessary for level flight. I placed one foot against the instrument panel to aid in harder pulling and suddenly found myself holding the throttle lever in my hand with a short section of connection tube dangling aimlessly from its end. I still had too much power for landing and no way to reduce it. There was only one direction left to go and that was down, but I saw quickly that I could not land within the field limits with as much power as the engine was still putting out. The river and the marshes stared me in the face. Automatically and with no apparent thought, my hand moved to the ignition switch and clicked it to "OFF." Now it was just God and me—no airplane.

The end of the runway loomed up much too rapidly for the glide I had established. Mechanically, as though from long habit, I applied right rudder and left aileron, putting the ship into a steep slip to lose altitude.

A bare six feet off the ground, I straightened the 'Craft and touched the runway just in time to turn off and miss the steep embankment which divides the airport from the river.

My heels touched the brakes and the 'Craft stopped abruptly. I climbed out and stood leaning on the strut for support. My feeling of detached mind and body left me and I realized my close call only too clearly. My legs were like cotton twine and my heart beat so strongly that it seemed as though it must burst against my constricting ribs.

Next

ROBERT L. BOHON

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944

I HURRIED OVER TO THE SWEATY LOCKER ROOM AND quite calmly undressed. The army boy whose locker adjoined mine and who eternally sang the same song, "Going Home," had arrived before me, and his song grated through my ears until it gave me an almost irrepressible desire to scream in his ear and tell him what an ass he was to think he'd ever be going home. Hah, didn't he know he was destined to live—to die—for his country? But I wasn't! No, sir, I didn't quite make the grade. "Your eyes are a little too bad, son," they told me, and now the fools had put me in warfare aquatics!

The shower room with its cold, white tile floor stared at and mocked me when I turned on the shower and found that there was no hot water. I wanted to rip the pipes from the wall—but no, why should I be upset by a little thing like that? It had happened before. Just then I could hear Sam gaily singing as he approached the shower-room door.

Sam was a wonderful boy. He had been in the Marine Corps at one time and somehow had lost four of his fingers from his right hand, and yet he was always cheery and ready to be the first one to try something new in class. He was so stockily built that he sank when he relaxed in the water. Sam and I were good friends: we always worked together on swimming tests, and since he had previously had some training in warfare aquatics, he gave me pointers on various techniques.

We took our showers and started up the stairs to the pool. I asked whether he was perhaps worried just a little about the forthcoming underwater test.

"Worried? About what?" he replied and gave me a whack on my bare back. "What's the matter—afraid you won't make it?"

Of course I wasn't, I assured him. What a silly question to ask *me*. I could take care of myself in the water. It was fellows such as he that had reason to be afraid.

We were the first ones up, and the still, chlorine-green water looked cooler than ever before. I was all set to jump in first, of course, but Sam plunged in before me. For some reason, perhaps because of the thought of that colored water closing over my head, I waited until I saw him come up once again before I entered the pool.

After a few minutes the coach rang the "all-out" bell, and we gathered around him at one end of the pool.

"Well, fellows," he said with an abominable smile on his face, "fifty yards under water today. Let's go."

I proceeded to get into my swimming clothes, but before I finished pulling them on, Sam asked me if he could borrow my shoes since he had forgotten to bring his. Of course, I told him. This would mean a delay in my passing the test, but that was all right; Sam was the one we had to help along. He slipped on my shoes and then stood on the edge of the pool, breathing deeply. Several of the other fellows had already started on the test, and Sam was forced to wait until they were out of the way before he could proceed. As he stood there inhaling great gulps of air, I could see that his shirt over his heart was fluttering quite rapidly, and I thought to myself, "There, I knew he must be afraid. His heart is pulsating with fear."

He stood there for at least five minutes waiting for the others to finish—and very few of them made more than twenty-five yards. Suddenly the pool was empty, and everyone gathered around Sam to give him encouragement. I looked closely at him and could see the throbbing in his temples. He thanked the fellows for their heartening remarks, took three more huge breaths of air, and quickly dived into the water. We watched him intently. His strokes were too quick and uneven; everyone said he would give out before he made the first length, but he didn't. He made the turn and started back. His strokes were slower then, and he seemed to glide through the sparkling water a little more smoothly than usual. He passed the half-way mark on his last length. Rather feverishly I thought to myself, "I'm next. Everyone else has tried it, and they'll all be watching me just as they're watching Sam now!"

Sam was soon within a few feet of the end of the pool and swimming along the bottom of the pool. Everyone had begun to breathe a little more easily. He touched the end of the pool—in fact he ran into it as a blind man would walk into a wall—and then he slowly and silently fell back, limp and lifeless. For a moment we were paralyzed, and then someone recovered from the shock and lunged in after him.

He was brought up gasping, with his eyes rolling and fairly popping from their sockets. His stomach was spasmodically contracting, and saliva was flowing from between his blue lips. His face was as white as the tile in the shower room. We laid him gently on the floor, covered him with blankets, and tried to calm him. I grasped his hand and massaged the wrist. Slowly he came out of the horrible convulsion and looked dazedly around him.

"Damn, there's a boy with spunk," someone softly breathed.

"The coach ought to give him double credit for that!" said another.

Sam looked at me. "Did I make it?" he weakly asked.

"Sure," I said, as a feeling of nausea crept over me—for *I* was next!

Pine Lounge

LOIS FORGES

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944

THE TALL SOLDIER STOOD IN THE DOORWAY. THERE was a puzzled expression on his face. He had never seen anything quite like this before, and he did not know whether to turn and run the other way or enter the room and hope for the best. He stood there a few minutes longer, still hesitant; but as he gazed through the smoke and heard the friendly noise he began to feel a little more at ease. He realized that no one in the room was paying any attention to him, and yet he felt as if everyone was aware of his presence. In one corner a group of soldiers and girls were playing cards; there was an identical scene in the opposite corner. In fact, as he looked around, he seemed to see a card game in progress everywhere. People were sitting all over the floor, for the chairs and couches were filled to overflowing. The smoke was so thick that, although all the lamps were lit, it was nearly impossible to distinguish faces through the haze. Only the laughter, the chatter, and the music kept the room from seeming gloomy and cold. The mood of the room never varied despite the fact that the piano patter, competing with the blast of a radio, seemed to alternate between boogie-woogie and Beethoven.

People kept brushing against him as they entered the room. He lost track of how many walked by him, but he had a mounting feeling that the room would burst if there were any more confusion. So much confusion—he was aching to be a part of it all. How could he do it? Finally he gritted his teeth and quietly walked in. No empty chairs. No one he knew. But he began to sense the warmth of the room, to realize that he *could* become part of it.

A group of soldiers were engaged in a heated argument in one corner—they were talking Spanish. A girl's almost hysterical laughter rang out every few minutes. A sailor was pounding on the piano. Soldiers and sailors were leaning on the piano and on each other. They had all begun to sing. Four colored boys sat around a checker board.

The soldier, as yet, had spoken to no one. What brought all these people together in such amazing incongruity? Were they as carefree as they appeared to be? Would they speak to him if he dared to approach them? Well—what the hell! He walked over to the nearest card table, sat down on the arm of the chair of an angelic-looking sailor, and smiled nonchalantly at the bridge addicts. They all looked up and smiled. The little girl with the Veronica Lake hair-do said, "Hi, soldier, come over here and tell me what to bid."

The Cock

"And what did the rooster say this morning, Grandpa?"

"He said his 'feet were cold' and that he'd 'lost his tie.' He was as cross as Brown Bear."

. . . .

It was so long ago and we were so young when this breakfast ritual started, that the inception is vague. Why we first asked, none of us can say, but until a few years ago, whenever we were at Grandpa Needham's, we seldom failed to enquire what the rooster had said that morning. I recollect dimly that the boy next door had a pet rooster, although I remember neither seeing nor hearing it; perhaps it was connected with our breakfast custom.

After we had overslept and arrived late to breakfast, the cock would say (so Grandpa told us), "Up, up, sleepy heads! The sun is in the sky," or "Are my kids still sleeping?" Sometimes it was general advice which the little rooster gave, "Be good, work hard, and be happy." Or he was concerned with family affairs, "My wife is gone a-way!" It was these glimpses into his private life we loved best. One day he didn't catch a single worm; the next, he found so many he couldn't eat them all. He caught such a cold in an April shower—he hadn't worn his raincoat—that he couldn't crow for a week. We were sorry for him; we laughed at him; we joked about his cold; and we cried when his wife ran away.

It was not until there was no one to answer our questions that we realized how much we loved that little rooster—how much the little red (or white or black or speckled) rooster, the little rooster which may never have existed, meant to us.—PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

Rhet as Writ

I had stood face to face with God—and I did not like it!

. . . .

When I go to a theatre, I like to see melodramatic pictures. It has thrills and expense for me.

. . . .

His [the average American's] health is not bad but he certainly isn't a super-man. In fact he could do a lot for his physic.

. . . .

She wanted a lawn that was pretty, but for various reasons couldn't get any grass to grow. She started in to experiment with the hired man, Sam, and hoped to find out what was the matter.

104 Library

It's too bad that human beings have to suffer from human nature. But human nature is an occupational disease that goes with living, and it sometimes cheats us out of a good deal of fun. We pay good money for the *Reader's Digest*, or any other magazine, and read it through—and annoy our friends for the next month with the gag-line, "I read an article last week that said—." Or we run onto a book in the Union, when we ought to be somewhere else, and spend three hours on the backs of our necks reading it, enjoying it twice as much as we otherwise might just because we discovered it for ourselves. But let the same magazine articles turn up in a textbook, like *Models and Motivations*, and we don't enjoy them nearly so much, because they are "required." Or let that book from the Union be recommended by our instructors for our Rhet 1 or 2 "outside reading"—. Something happens to it, too. A strong odor of embalming fluid seeps into it the minute reading it becomes a job that has to be done. It's like Winston Churchill's laying brick for fun. People who lay brick for a living think it's pretty hard work.

Have the books you have reported on for your outside reading requirement seemed a little dull? Does being sent to 104 Library for a book sound like having to visit an intellectual morgue? Then probably you have never gone into 104 except when a book report was due for your Rhet class. That made work out of it. But many of the books you enjoyed at the Union are also in 104; so are many of the books in the Library's second floor Browsing Room. And reading them is just as much fun downstairs as it is up.

As a matter of fact it can be even more fun downstairs, because 104 is your own room. There is less competition there for the books you want. The books there were especially selected with you in mind. And the librarian there is eager to help you in any way she can, by suggesting books you might not think of by yourself, or helping you find books that aren't shelved where you think they ought to be. Even better, she'll leave you alone if you want her to, and you can browse as much as you like, or sit as long as you like with the books you find.

Try going in when it isn't required. Try books you don't have to report on. Try books from parts of the room you haven't sampled before—there is excitement on every shelf. Does "Biography" sound forbidding to you? Have you read *Life on the Mississippi*? Is "Travel" dull? *I Saw Two Englands* will tell you a lot you don't know about the England that was and the one that is. "Popular Science" may sound stiff, but if it were it wouldn't be "popular"—look into *Witch-Craft*. "The Arts"? Do you like *Jazz, Hot and Hybrid*? "Essays" offers *Life with Father*, and you know what they did with that. "Social Points of View" sounds pretty ponderous, but it needn't

be. *Since Yesterday* is history you remember happening. "Fictions" can be anything from history come alive—*The Three Musketeers*, *Giants in the Earth*—to last week's movie—*The Song of Bernadette*. "Short Stories"? "Drama"? Any sort, and no amusement tax on front row seats. "Poetry"? *Spoon River Anthology* or *Chicago Poems* is about you and the folks next door. And every shelf offers dozens of other books you'll enjoy just as much as these. Look around. Give yourself, and Room 104, a chance. In twenty minutes you'll wonder why you ever expected to notice a morgue smell.

It won't be long till you're a 104 addict. Human nature is incurable, but you'll be surprised how soon you can develop a completely different set of symptoms.

Here are a few good ones we haven't listed before.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHY:

CORNELL, KATHERINE—*I Wanted to Be an Actress*

CROSS, WILBUR L.—*A Connecticut Yankee*

MANN, CARL—*Lightning in the Sky*

POWELL, ARTHUR G.—*I Can Go Home Again*

SHULMAN, SAMMY—*Where's Sammy?*

STRACHEY, LYTTON—*Queen Victoria*

WARD, MAISIE—*Gilbert Keith Chesterton*

TRAVEL

HINDUS, MAURICE—*Mother Russia*

POPULAR SCIENCE

CREASY, SIR EDWARD S.—*Decisive Battles*

ZILBOORG, GREGORY—*Mind, Medicine, and Man*

ARTS

CRAVEN, THOMAS—*Story of Painting*

SOCIAL POINTS OF VIEW

CARLSON, ROY—*Undercover*

LIN YU TANG—*With Love and Irony*

SHIBER, ETTA—*Paris Underground*

FICTION

BOYLE, KAY—*Avalanche*

HERSEY, JOHN—*A Bell for Adano*

FORBES, ESTHER—*Johnny Tremaine*

MOON, BUCKLIN—*Darker Brother*

SMITH, BETTY—*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*

STUART, JESSE—*Taps for Private Tussie*

DRAMA

McKENNY, RUTH—*My Sister, Eileen*

POETRY

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Honorable Mention

- Marion Agnew—*Death Comes to Ma*
Larz T. Anderson—*The Disappearance of Ambrose Bierce*
Janice Armitage—*Whitefeather*
Mary Babcock—*Road to the West*
Nancy Bruce—*The Plant*
Rachel Davidson—*Goodbye*
Norma Diedrich—*Introducing Vlasta*
Frances Edelson—*The Pravda Story*
Wanda Eidemann—*Why I Am an Idealist*
Delores Goepfert—*My First Venal Puncture*
Nancy Gray—*Saturday Night*
Charles Hopp—*How I Write a Song*
Ruth Johnston—*Diction in My Community*
Gerry Sutzer—*My Favorite Gripe*
Joan Tankel—*The Outcast*
Mollye Mae Tillma—*Keats' Poetical Awakening*
Mary Ruth Tredinnick—*Always Leave at Least a
Quarter if the Waiter Does What He "Ought"*
Jean Voigt—*Observations at a Railroad Station*
Patricia Warren—*Social and Economic Aspects of the
Detroit Race Riot*
Mary Louise Worley—*Isolationism in the
Post-War World*

